FORGOT PART OF SECRET SER-VICE IN BURGLAR ROUNDUP,

wherefore Chief Flynn Rises to Remark That His Men Got the Evidence and Stuck to the Trail When McCafferty's Sleuths Lost It Right on Park Row.

William Flynn, chief of the Eastern division, were disposed to be resentful vesterday when they read that Inspector McCafferty, head of the local Detective Bureau, had taken all the credit for the capture of George Williams, known to the under world as Humpty, and his crib crack-

Humpty, along with Dick Vaughan, Martin Tiffany and Lizzie Jacobson, was arrested by Central Office sleuths, and the police say there is no doubt that the three male members of the band are responsible for the three safeblowing jobs and several ordinary burglaries that stumped the detectives within the last few months. Also the three men made some lucrative hauls in other nearby cities and towns.

While Inspector McCafferty and his eight gumshoe men who were on the job gave to the reporters at Police Headquarters glowing descriptions of the chase and the roundup of the band, no mention was made of the work the Secret Service men had done. As a matter of fact, according to Capt. Flynn, the Headquarters men never would have corralled the band had it not been for the Secret Service men.

"The Secret Service men were the first to get on to Williams," Chief Flynn said yesterday. "Last March we learned that he was experimenting with ten dollar counerfeit notes, and two of the best men in the office were put on his trail. We had never known him as a counterfeiter and he was a new one to us as a shover of the queer. My men soon learned that he was the biggest kind of a shine at the counterfeiting game, and all the time they shadowed him and his pale they didn't attempt to make the queer or shove it. They did learn, however, that Humpty and his companions work of the local police I made a full report to McCafferty and tipped him off that it would be well for him to put some of his men on the trail.

While my men were positive that the gang was not counterfeiting or shoving the queer, still I thought they might possibly come in contact with some real counterfeiters whom they might know, and I kept my men right after them. Fifteen days ago, while

right after them. Fifteen days ago, while right after them. Fifteen days ago, while my men had Humpty and his men under surveillance, the Headquarters detectives got on the job and took up the shadow. None of the police sleuths knew that two Secret Service men were on the trail.

"I am not decrying the work of the Police Headquarters detectives, but now that they are taking all the credit for this capture I'm going to tell how they lost the trail of their quarry as month ago last Friday night—every man in the squad, and how it devolved upon the two Secret Service men to follow Humpty and his pals.

"There were enough Headquarters men in the squad to shadow a dozen crooks, but nevertheless they lost them at the Manhattan terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge. I don't believe that Humpty and his companions knew that they were being shadowed, but at any rate they just vanished from the Mulberry street men. There was a great sourrying around, but the birds had gone, not, however, from the Government detectives.

"My men followed them to the Rhine-

had gone, not, however, from the Government detectives.

"My men followed them to the Rhinelander Building, where they tried to break into a place on one of the upper ficors, and there wasn't a Headquarters detective on the job. From the Rhinelander Building they went over to. Vessy street and tried a few doors and gave up after several ineffectual attempts to break into stores along that street. Then they went down Broadway and finally quit for the night and went over to Brooklyn, where they were living. My men managed to notify the Headquarters men where Humpty and his pals had gone, and McCafferty's sleuths took up the trail again.

"My men never lost track of the crooks from the very start and when Inspector McCafferty brings the prisoners to trial he will have to come to me to supply the evidence. My men saw Humpty and his pals buy tools in a score of places in this city and they purchased duplicates right after them. Besides, we are in possession of valuable data which McCafferty will need to secure the conviction of Williams and the others.

"The Secret Service men are not anxious en never lost track of the crooks

The Secret Service men are not anxious The Secret Service men are not anxious for notoriety; in fact they prefer not to have their names in the newspapers, but when Mr. McCafferty comes out in the public prints and takes all the glory for a case discovered and worked up by the Secret Service I feel that our side ought to be heard."

AIRSHIP A SUBMARINE.

Herr Hilpert Wings His Way Into a Coney

After wears and wears of research and experiment Rudolf Dressler's airship was tried out yesterday at the top of Dreamand seven men to pick the aviator and his machine out of the salt lagoon at the foot

Dressler has a dry goods and shoe store at 2975 West Eighth street, Coney Island. Flying is his avocation, and he is truly an aviator in that he believes in the future of the imitation bird strapped to the operator's arms. His invention has two long wings of silk, bamboo and wire.

Yesterday afternoon at about 5:30 o'clock a man was seen to step on the moving stairway of the chute with a strange device on his back. Dressler at the last moment had decided that his 200 pounds were too many for the best results and had entrusted the machine to Charles Hilpert of 2017 West Twenty-third street, Coney Island, who

built it.

They fastened the flying machine to Hilpert's back, suspended him from a bar by a rope and pushed him along the bar out over the water to give him a start. Spectators held their breath. Hilpert glanced down to see that Capt Ed Mooney and the two lifeboats with seven men were ready for the expected trip to Sandy Hook and back.

and back.

A final poke in Hilpert's back jounced him off the bar. With never a flutter of the silken wings he dropped 159 feet to the water, where Capt. Ed and the life savers scooped him up. Hilpert explained that the last poke had tickled him so that all he could do was laugh.

Two years ago Dressler tried jumping from a house top in Coney Island with a similar machine. He landed in the street.

ALDERMAN MARX'S CARD.

He Offered It to a Policeman Who Arrested

Taxicab Chauffeur. Alderman Sam Marx appeared before Magistrate Barlow in the Jefferson Market court yesterday morning in the interest of William M. Smith of 448 West Fifty-seventh street, a taxicab chauffeur.

On Friday night the Alderman and the chauffeur and the taxicab were coming down Lenox avenue. The vehicle was going about twenty miles an hour, Policeman Gunshannon said, so he arrested the chauffeur.

chauffeur.

"The Alderman pushed his personal card in my hand," said the policeman, and said 'Here, look at that."

"I said, 'This is no card game,' and I locked Smith up. Then the Alderman threatened what he would do to me. Smith got bail, but he does not appear here."

Alderman Marx said he would have the man in court this morning. To insure his attendance a warrant was issued.

POLICE TOOK ALL THE CREDIT | CRIES FOR HELP FROM A TRUNK. | FROM PARK ROW TO TEXAS Customs Sleuths Scent a Case for the

> Mrs. Mabel Sinclair, a fair young Englishwoman with a trunk big enough to conceal family of small children, was a passenger by the Anchor liner Caledonia, in from Glasgow yesterday. She was solicitous about the trunk, as was her husband, and the customs sleuths, particularly the plain clothes expert Tim Donahue, hovered

Capt. William S. Conrow of the Surveyor's staff stood near Mrs. Sinclair while an inspector opened the trunk. A voice, apparently proceeding from Mr. Conrow, whispered to Mr. Donahue:

"Keep a sharp lookout on her and her husband, Tim; they will fool you if you Mr. Donahue winked knowingly at Capt.

Conrow and brushed against Mr. Sinclair, suspecting jewelry. The collision was unsatisfactory. Before Mr. Donahue could

satisfactory. Before Mr. Donahue could manœuvre further a voice, muffled and plaintive, came out of the trunk:

"Let me out for God's sake; I'm smothering!"

The inspector at work on the trunk turned white and finished the unstrapping in a jiffy. Mr. Donahue went toward the trunk to jump in and make a record rescue. As the lid of the trunk hurled up the voice said feebly:

"Too late, too late!"

"Telephone for the Coroner," said Mr. Donahue to Detective Moody. The detective looked over the edge of the trunk into the depths and saw the figure of what seemed like a small boy with a man's head. The eyes stared upward expressionless.

As Mr. Donahue remarked, "What a queer corpse!" another voice below the figure of what is the control of the control queer corpse!" another voice below the figure murmured, "Take him off; he's kill-

figure murmured, "Take him off; he's killing me!"

The inspector on the search lifted the
queer corpse out of the trunk and everybody saw pretty plainly then that it was a
marionette. Capt. Conrow, who is a friend
of Mrs. Sinclair, introduced her to Mr.
Donahue as the "only woman ventriloquist
and the cleverest in the world." Mr. Donahue refused to search the corpse or the
other marionette that had called for help.

Mrs. Sinclair and her husband will spend
a few days with the family of Capt. Conrow
and then go West to fulfil an engagement
of twenty-two weeks, beginning at Butte,
Mon. She will return to London under a
five years contract, and may come to New
York perhaps in 1913.

THE HIPPODROME'S NEW SHOWS. Two Novel Pieces to Be Put On This Season

The Hippodrome opens its doors to the public on September 5 with two new productions, "Sporting Days" and "The Battle in the Skies," together with ten circus acts from Europe. The book for the two pieces has been written by R. H. Burnside. and the music composed by Manuel Klein. The scenic and mechanical effects have been constructed by Arthur Voegtlin.

A battle in the skies between two fleets of airships and the subsequent destruction of an entire city by the airship fleet of the U. S. A. constitute part of the sensational effects. The story of "The Battle in the Skies" is: Jeffries Geddeson, a young inventor of war airships, is in love with Diana Fairias, daughter of Gen. Fairias, commanding the airship fleet of the U.S. A.

Great rivalry exists between the airship experts of the U.S. A. and the United states of Europe and two spies, aided by Mme. Sevaroff, who under the closk of friendship has entered the house of Gen. Fair ax, succeed in carrying the girl off to Europe, where they hold her as hostage. Enraged at her capture, the young inventor and the General start of in pursuit in an attempt to rescue the girl and to force upon the United States of Europe a dec-laration of universal peace, under which both countries are to agree to disarmament. These conditions, however, are refused,

war is declared and the battle airships of the U.S. A. and the battle airships of Europe meet in one grand celestial clash. The European city situated underneath the heavenly battlefield is destroyed by the bombardment of the radium guns invented by Jeffries Geddeson. The city destroyed,

bombardment of the radium guns invented by Jeffries Geddeson. The city destroyed, Miss Fairfax is found and returned to the United States in an American airship to the home of Gen. Fairfax.

The last scene is the golden garden of the old General's home at a masquerade ball. A number of new and startling aquatic effects will be seen in this scene.

"Sporting Days" is a tale of sports, racing and college life. It tells a story of Paul Vanderveeri, the son of a millionaire, who has disappeared mysteriously, having been kidnapped by a discharged trainer formerly in the employ of his father. Paul is found and rescued by Pick Seymour, an athlete, who is supposed to pull a stroke oar in the annual college boat race. Owing to his attempt to find Paul he nearly loses his place in the boat, but arrives in the nick of time and saves the day for his alma mater.

place in the boat, but arrives in the nick of time and saves the day for his alma mater.

The boat race was devised by Frank W. Thomas, and it will be managed in an entirely new way, unlike any other race ever seen on the stage. During the performance of "Sporting Days" a basehall game will be played, a horse race will be run and an entire circus will make its arrival, showing the arrival of the wagons, the driving of the stakes and the putting up of the tent under which the entire circus performance will be given.

Between the two productions, "The Battle in the Skies" and "Sporting Days," the "Bird Ballet" will be introduced. This is a special scenic number, telling the story of the daughter of a hird catcher who, out of pity for the imprisoned birds, releases two dozen canavies from their cages. In return for the kindness the birds carry her off to Birdland, granting her three wishes, to see a new country, to take her boy sweetheart along and finally to bring her back again to ber little hut in the Black Mountains of Germany. The birds, impersonated by a number of beautiful aerial ballet girls, will fly not alone across the stage but out over the heads of the audience, coming in almost actual touch with the people seated in the balcony and gallery.

GALLANT POLICEMAN 1447. Breadway Traffic Halted to Permit the Rescue of a Green Parasol.

Now if this had happened in London with a bobby as the hero one would not wonder; but in rude New York!

A woman was crossing Broadway from the Hoffman House to Fifth avenue the other day when her green parasol caught in the trolley slot. Rendered nervous by the many motors whizzing around her and an approaching oar she let go the handle and stepped to the curb.

To her amazement the parasol slid slowly and gracefully into the slot until it was completely out of sight. It didn't fall, it slid like a disappearing figure in a pantomime, and a car passed over the spot.

But the cop—that is, gallant Policeman No. 1447, stationed here, had seen the disappearing sunshade and noted the owner's discomfiture. He reassured her and then sent wirefess messages by a passing car to an inspector who was at work on a job at wenty-third street and Broadway.

Soon the inspector came along and heard the sad story. He looked down the slot and declared that the paraeol was plainly to be seen standing upright just as it had fallen.

He called an Italian who was working with

He called an Italian who was working with a gang of men at Twenty-third street and raised a manhole cover on the corner where the disappearance occurred. The Italian went underground and in a few moments appeared bearing the green parasol unhurt. Meanwhile traffic halted until the cover was replaced.

Then life began to whiz by as usual. Thus within twenty minutes the parasol was lost and recovered at one of the busiest corners of the busiest city in the world.

ALBERT ROSENLICHT WONDERS HOW HIS BOY GOT THERE.

And Wenders Still More How to Get Him Back Since the Fare Is 845 and Henry Is One of Thirteen Children—He Is Certain His Son Was Kidnapped.

Albert Rosenlicht, a trunk maker of 141 Park row, whose son Henry, 15 years old, has been missing from home two weeks and is being held by the Galvestom, Tex., police, as THE SUN told yesterday morning, said yesterday that he was positive that the boy had been kidnapped. Several days before Henry disappeared he told his father that a man had been in the store and had afterward met him on the Bowery and asked him to go to work for him on a

Henry had been attending night school and was a good worker. His father said that he was able to be of as much assistance as any of the grown workers in his employ and was an expert at trunk making. The neighborhood of the store was bad, however, and at meal hours the boy formed associations with boys in that vicinity of which the father did not approve.

Two weeks ago last Wednesday, after reporting for work, the boy left the store. That was the last seen of him. Nothing was heard of him until several days ago, when postcards were received from him Galveston. In the meantime the father had reported the matter to the Brooklyn police and personally had sent messages to the chiefs of police in the larger cities of Pennsylvania, Connecticut and

Mr. Rosenlicht received last Friday a essage from Louis Schoenfeld, a real estate promoter of San Antonio, saying that he had the boy and wanted to know what to do with him. He said that a letter would follow. Rosenlicht wired back to hold the boy. Schoenfeld was a friend of Rosenlicht's sister-in-law, who used to live in San Antonio, and had bought a trunk of Rosenlicht when the Texas man had visited New York on business two

that the boy was in San Antonio until he read the Galveston despatch yesterday morning. The information on the boy's postcards had been meagre, but this infor-

The boy had told the Galveston police that he was enticed aboard a steamer in New York bound for Galveston by a man named Clark and forced to call his abductor father. The steamer landed at Galveston on August 12 and the man and his charge went to San Antonio. The boy told the police that he had escaped from a house in San Antonio and made his way

told the police that he had escaped from a house in San Antonio and made his way back to Galveston.

Henry is one of thirteen children. The family live at 1212 Fortieth street, Brooklyn. The father was wondering vesterday how he would get the boy back to New York, as the fare one way is \$45 the way he figures. "My boy was certainly kidnapped, said Mr. Rosenlicht. "I appealed to the police here, but they have given me no assistance. We haven't the slightest idea how Henry got to Texas other than that conveyed in the telegram. How Mr. Schoenfeld got in touch with Henry or knew the boy when he saw him is more than we know, because I only know the gentleman by sight. Henry didn't have a cent, so far as I know, when he left. He is a splendid worker but exceedingly simple minded, as a boy of that age is apt to be if he hasn't travelled. Henry has never been outside of New York, and if a man asked him to go to Texas he would be likely to think it was about as far as Coney Island.

"He had just had his fifteenth birthday and appeared well contented. I am sure that he wouldn't have left me if some one hadn't coaxed him away. I tried to discourage him when he told me of the man who wanted to get him to go on a farm. He wouldn't tell me much about the stranger, and I thought that possibly it was a conception of his mind and forgot about the

wouldn't tell me much about the stranger, and I thought that possibly it was a conception of his mind and forgot about the matter until the boy disappeared.

"Why he should break away from the house, presumably that of Mr. Schoenfeld house, presumably that of Mr. Schoenfeld

house, presumably that of Mr. Schoenfeld in San Antonio, is more than I am able to figure out, likewise why he should keep wandering around in that country without letting me know something about it. He is old enough and bright enough to advise me. I fear that he has been in deep trouble and has been afraid to write me the truth for fear of some harm coming to him. If he has been kidnapped or coaxed away from home I think that the man responsible for it should suffer. But at the rate the police are working now there seems little likelihood of the mystery being cleared up. And what worries me is that I don't know how to get the boy back to New York."

WANTS MRS. GARDNER TO PAY.

It Cost Her to Bring in Art Objects. BOSTON, Aug. 23.-Mrs. John L. (Jack) Gardner has been asked to pay to Mrs. Emily Rockwell Chadbourne of Chicago \$70,000 because of the expense that the latter has been put to by the Custom House seizure of articles for household decorations which are said to belong to the Boston woman but which were brought into this country by 'he other woman.

The statement that this demand has been made upon Mrs. Gardner came from Chicago last night. Mrs. Chadbourne's brother came to Boston to see Henry W. Swift, Mrs. Gardner's attorney.

Mrs. Chadbourne's brother is Richard T. Crane, Jr., of Chicago, and he was in Boston resterday and in conference with Attorney Swift. In fact Mr. Crane and Mr. Swift while at the Union Club on Park street talked with Mrs. Gardner by telephone vesterday afternoon. Whether the demand was made on Mrs. Gardner by telephone or served on her attorney the parties ininterested refuse to say.

It was 3:15 o'clock when Mrs. Gardner left her Green Hill estate on Warren street, Brookline. She rode in a closed carriage to her Venetian palace in the Fenway and there had the telephone communication.

with the Chicago man.

After that she came to the centre of the city. What reply Mrs. Gardner made to any request for \$70,000 is not made public. No statement has been made by Mr. Crane either. But Attorney Swift, speaking for Mrs. Gardner, said:

Mrs. Gardner, said:

"So far as we are concerned there will not be anything done for a week at the very least, and I really think that it will be much longer than a week before we will have anything to do or say on this end of the case. Of course we cannot foresee what they will do in Chicago. But I think that the next developments will be either in Chicago or Washington."

When asked as to the demand for \$700,000 Mr. Swift said:

When asked as to the demand for \$700,000 Mr. Swift said:

"I cannot discuss the particular features of the case at all. In fact I have not anything to say about the case. This is not the time for us to talk and there is not anything to say anyway."

BASEBALL HIT HIS HEAD. Stapleton Club's Catcher Played the Game

Out-Unconscious Now. George Fleischman, 24 Years old, of Brooklyn, a catcher on the Stapleton Baseball Club of Stapleton, Staten Island, was hit on the head by a pitched ball in the fifth inning of a game between the Staple-tons and the Royal Glants yesterday after-noon at Stapleton. He fell, but revived in a few minutes and insisted on playing out

the gume.

While he was dressing in the clubhouse later he collapsel. Dr. Goodwin found him suffering from a clot of blood on the brain. He was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, at Livingston. Last night he was unconscious.

MRS. CASEY MOVES ALONG. After Twenty Years at the Bridge She

As Mrs. Casey has herself explained, "for twenty years, in blizzard and sun-stroke" she stood at the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge selling papers, and as she looked as strong and enduring as the bridge itself many wondered why she disappeared from there. It was for that reason and pecause she was ever an amiable and copy supplying gossip that the reporter stopped o chat upon discovering her presiding at a neat and prosperous candy and fruit stand snugly stowed away in a repess in one of the big buildings of the Swamp.

"Well, dearie," she said heartily in response to a greeting, "and how's the old shop and all the editors? I knew them all. They lived over the bridge. They was good oustomers. Often I was wondering what they would be buying papers for -them as made them. "How did I come here? "Tis a romance

as good as ever was printed on a back page

the shopgirls would turn to first. Wan of

my old customers says to me one day

'Mrs. Casey,' he says, 'competition is fleroe these days." "Him being a merchant himself he seen what was doing. It sure was flerce. 'Twas the forners made it so. I cud stand American competition, but whin Dago folks from all over the globe butted into the trade was hard pushed.

"Twas because they wouldn't fight. If seddy or geniman will fight you know where you are. You are licked or you

where you are. You are licked or you are not. 'Tis a comfort to be one or the other. Manny a time I've held me place because I fought for it and won. That was with Americans like meself. But with Sheenies and Dagoes and Greeks and things like that 'twas nothing but worriting, for even if you'd give wan of them a crack on the jaw they'd only take the crack—and hold their place right where you'd held your place for twenty years.

"They crowded me out. They pushed and shoved and crowded—and stayed.

"Well, I was telling you: this here customer says would I like to take this stand and he'd see I was let alone, and I took it. The business is good, but there's not so much society and high life as at the entrance to the old bridge. There is the place to see life! As the dear dead poet says. 'Proud and lowly.' he says, 'beggar and lord,' says he, 'over the bridge they goes,' says he, 'rags and velvet,' he says, 'fetter and sword, they chases themself, over the Brocklyn Bridge,' he says, and it was the truth.

merchant has not its pleasures, as the story writers say.

"The hours are comforting. The old Swamp opens late and closes early. 'Tis, not the same with the paper business. People will read papers when nothing else is doing. From daylight till midnight you must be on the job if you would hold your paper customers. As the dear dead poet says, 'Strike,' says he, 'strike whin the iron's hot,' he says, 'or you are not,' he says, 'or you are not,' he says, 'or you are not,' he cor three.'

or three.

"Yes, them pears, two for five, is good. Thank you. My Michael goes down to the Washington Market and buys for me early in the morning before he goes to his own work. He used to help me at the bridge. You remember him. He was a good fighter. And he is. But he loved to fight better nor selling papers. The bridge cops would say to me, Mirs. Casey, 'they'd say, 'for the love of heaven, they'd say, get wan of you customers for to give Michael a job away from here,' they'd say, where he'll not see so many formers for to excite him to battle,' they'd say, 'or some day we sure will have to run him in." I got him a job. I had a customer who

they'd say, or some day we sure will have to run him in.

"I got him a job. I had a customer who is the boss gazabo, as the man in the theater says, for a big building and he gave Michael a job on an elevator. He speaks well of him. He says he mostly puts in his noon hour licking clerks who think they can box on top of the roof. He's thinking of making Michael dipriman of his offices. I hope so. "Twill give him a license to fight.

"Folks is different here in the Swamp nor what they are on Park row. So are the cope. I nearly fell dead whin a cop comes up here to me stand and picks up a couple of apples an pays for them. Are you sick, dearie?" I says to him. 'You must be fearing early death,' I says, 'for to be as good'as that.

"I suppose Gineral Bingham only send his good cops down here because, as the dear

"I suppose Gineral Bingham only send his good copa down here because, as the dear dead poet says. 'Life is real,' says he, 'and life is fighting, or Fark row,' says he, 'but not the Swamp, says he.

"Well, so long. That's 10 cents altogether. Look quick, for there's a new filmfam for you to write a giece about. You might think them is two twins belonging to the leddy who is pushing them in the baby carge, and following her husband grinding the hand organ. Tis not so. One of those kiddles belongs to the wife of the Greek who sells flowers on Nassau near Ann, and the other kiddle belongs to the wife of an Italian bootblack who lives in our block. The Italian leddy who is wheeling them is the mother of neither, and she is not the wife of the man grinding the organ. He pays her for the stunt, and she borreys the kiddles—they being of one size—and takes care of them, which—well their own mothers is willing for to have them took care of free, and the outfit takes in showers of gold be—cause of the sympathy for the poor mother with twins and she not even a married leddy.

"That's right, there's many a way of

leddy.
"That's right, there's many a way of earning a living besides working for it."

A MEGAPHONE FOGHORN. Vice-Admiral Coneys of the Customs

Cruiser Finds Something New. Gen. Clarkson, Surveyor of the Port, and Vice-Admiral Matt Coneys took a oruise yesterday in the customs ship Timmins to the Fishing Banks, Gravesend Bay and off shore in the neighborhood of Coney

Island, and found ten skippers of motor boats violating the regulations, in minor ways chiefly.

boats violating the regulations, in minor ways chiefly.

They overhauled thirty craft, the helmsmen of which obligingly came alongside before they were even asked. The cruiser spoke many other boats that had already complied with the law, and they were simply passed, some saluting with foghorns or whistles to show that they were equipped.

Vice-Admiral Coneys found a new design of foghorn, aboard Capt. Charles Lang's Allihub. After inspecting the Allihub thoroughly the Vice-Admiral remarked:

You are in perfect condition except that you have no foghorn." The skipper said he had and that all he had to do to make the fog quiver was to press a button. He did so and there came a blast that might have been effective on a liner. It was from a megaphone forward, at the little end of which was an electric buzzer. The Vice-Admiral said it would do.

Since the beginning of her cruising on June 28 the Timmins has overhauled 630 boats and has found 340 violations, all of which have been or will be attended to by the owners of the boats. Gen. Clarkson believes that the mosquito fleet has been pretty thoroughly inspected in daylight, and hereafter until the end of the season, about two weeks hence, the work of the cruiser will be confined to night examins.

and nerestre until the end of the scassin, about two weeks hence, the work of the cruiser will be confined to night examina-tions to see that the regulations in regard to lights are complied with.

CAT STARTS A FIRE.

Knocks Over Lamp on River Steamer and Carses Much Damage.

A pet cat on board the small Hudson River steamer Armitage Breasley, which plys between Tarrytown and the West Thirteenth street pier, knocked over a lighted lamp in the boiler room of the boat while

lamp in the boiler room of the boat while the boat was at the local pier early yesterday morning.

The crew were apleep. The oil running from the lamp wint flaming in a second and a lively blaze sprang up Some Italians near by shouted to a passing policeman. He turned in an alarm. The fireboat George B. McClellan put out the blaze with two or three sweeps of her powerful streams.

streams.

The damage was estimated at \$1,500. No one was hurt.



PREACHER'S GIRL LEFT HOME. He Announced It From the Pulpit, Whereupon He Found Her.

At the union services of Trinity and Redding Methodist Episcopal churches in Trinity Church, Jersey City, yesterday, the Rev. J. D. Brush of 492 Second avenue, Manhattan, who is filling the Trinity pulpit the summer, announced to the congregation that he was greatly distressed over the disappearance from home of his fourteen-year-old daughter Fiesta. She left his house on Wednesday last, he said, and his family had been unable to get any trace

When Mr. Brush had finished telling the story and had asked the worshippers not to expect too much of him one of the members knelt and prayed for the return of the girl. The congregation sai "Amen."

Toward the close of the service Mr. Brush's son entered an I handed his father a note s ying that Fiesta had been found. After the benediction the son explained that Fiesta had been at the home of friends in Fairmount avenue, Jersey City.
The Rev. Mr. Brush said:
"My son had searched everywhere for

"My son had sarched everywhere for his sister with no results. To-day we recalled that perhaps Fiesta might have come to the home of friends in Jersey City and my son happily found her there.

"I suppose my daughter objected to parental restraint because we did not allow her the same freedom that many other girls have and decided to leave us. She told the people where she was staying that she had come to see them on a visit and for that reason they did not communicate with us. She is at home now and I do not believe she will run away again."

HETTY GREEN IS ON VACATION.

With Her Dog and Her Imitation Alligator Bag She Drops In on Bellows Falls. BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., Aug. 23.-When a bent woman alighted unassisted from a noon, holding under one arm under her old fashioned black cape a peacefully sleeping Skye terrier and gripping in the other hand a much worn imitation alligator bag, lthe station master gave one look and observed "Well, here's Hetty Green again."

No carriage awaited the richest woman in the United States because she did not want one and she had no baggage. She came unheralded and though trainmen knew her there was no rushing to do her service, for they knew that she would have waved aside the solicitous or even the

Alone she trudged through the town and to the busy main street, carefully holding the dog and minding her steps. She made her way through the business section and on over the steep hill leading to her summer home at the foot of Church street. The shop keepers saw her and knew her and the passersby all recognized her.

With money enough to purchase castles on the Rhine, a château in Switzerland and a dozen modern piles at Par Harbor or Newport, Hetty Green prefers to spend her meagre vacations within a stone's throw of a nest of bustling, smoky paper mills, in a severe old Colonial house, which wind and weather through the generations have rendered rather ramshakole.

It is not likely that the town has any especial attractions for this woman beyond some mortgages which she holds, although she is credited with saying that at some time she will make Bellows Falls her permanent home. Alone she trudged through the town and

TOOK A MARKED BILL And Was Arrested Directly Thereafter on Charge of Extortion.

Pietro Sciere got a letter at his home 2284 First avenue, last Friday telling him to be at 117th street and First avenue on Sunday night ready to hand over \$10 to the writer with the alternative of being out up and having other unpleasant things happen to him. Sciere gave up \$10 to a similar pleader once before, but this time he went down to see Detective Petrosino. Petrosino detailed two men to be with Sciere at the meeting place last night. A man came up to Sciere, who handed to him a marked \$5 bill. Then the detectives arrested him.

The man was locked up on a charge of extortion in the West 125th street station.

He said he was Rosario Durant, 27 years

Real Estate Manager Killed by Gas. John C. Rohrback, manager of the real estate office of E. H. Finley at 1355 Fiftyeighth street, Borough Park, was found dead yesterday morning by his brother Eugene in his rear office with the gas turned on. Asphyxiation is supposed to have been accidental.

THE FALL SHAPES OF

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He said he was Rosario Du old, of 335 East 117th street.

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TENEMENT CAT RAGES. Bites and Claws Eight Persons and Two

Dogg-Shot. Many persons were bitten and clawed in East New York yesterday by a cat which finished a dash through tenements and streets by getting shot.

Among the victims were Solomon Kirchner, 10 years old, Belmont avenue and Sackman street; Yetta Mendelsohn, 14 years old, 275 Watkin street; Carlman Bartt, 8 years old, 280 Watkin street; Mrs. Freda Sackowitch, 26 years old, 273 Watkin street; Pauline Wol , 3 years old. 292 Watkin street; Benjamin Stein, 5 years, 277 Watkin street; Meyer Sikelsky, 9 years old, 277 Watkin street, and Louis Kishoveff, 12 years old, 276 Watkin street. Their wounds were cauterized at the Bradford street hospital

and the Pitkin ave nue dispensary. The cat was supposed to be owned by a family of the name of Stein of 277 Watkin street. Its kittens were taken away ten

days ago. When the cat borneed in on Yetta Men-delsohn, who was alone with her brothers and sisters in the tenement rooms on the third floor of 275 Watkin street, she snatched third floor of 26 watch street, she shackled it up, pounded it with a poker and tried to throw it out of a window. Finally, having been bitte and clawed, she threw the cat into the hallway and slammed the door shut. It ran into the street, biting or clawing

everybody it met.

It was cornered by boys on a roof, but got away. Two dogs who took after it were bitten and retreated. Joseph Kishoveff with others at last cornered the cat and threw it from the roof of 292 Watkin street to the street, where Policeman Becker shot out any life that remained.

MONSON MORRIS'S CAPTURE. As a Deputy He Motors Woman From Col. Dyer's to a Cell.

HICKSVILLE, L. I., Aug. 23.—Mounson Morris, a follower of the Meadow Brook hounds, outwitted an alleged crazy woman last night and landed her in Justice Height's lockup.

Mr. Morris is a deputy sheriff of Nassau county, and like the deputies of Westchester is bound to see that the peace is kept. Last night he was dining at the home of Col. George R. Dyer at Roslyn and was told by the Colonel's family that they had a woman in their laundry whom they were afraid of, as she was talking and acting queerly.
Going into the kitchen Mr. Morris talked

Going into the kitchen Mr. Morris talked to the girl and asked her to go for a ride. She accepted. Mr. Morris took an employee of Col. Dyer along in the auto besides the chauffeur, and soon was in Hicksville. An invitation to have ice cream was accepted by the woman and presently she was in a cell.

Justice Height held her in \$500 bail this

sne was in a cell.

Justice Height held her in \$500 bail this morning. She probably will be turned over to the overseer of the poor and sent to the State Hospital. Mr. Morris is a deputy for his own protection. He has an estate here and says he will arrest any tramps he catches on his place.

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